

# The Mirror

OF

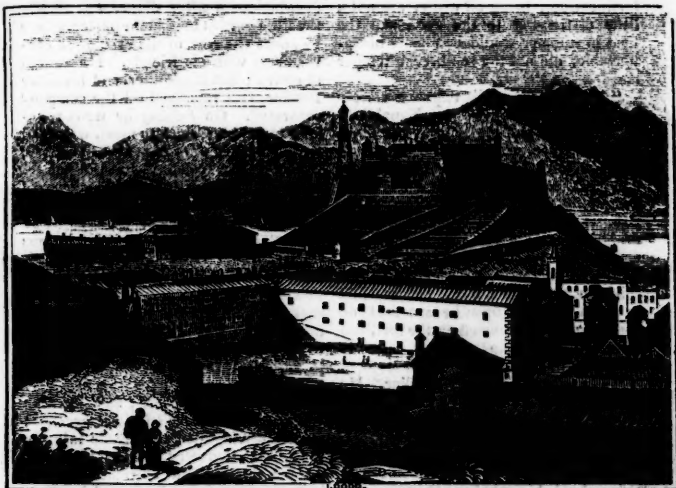
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Elba.



PORTO FERRAJO, AND PALACE OF NAPOLEON.

ELBA was a little pinnacle of Napoleon's towering fame, and will never be effaced from the recollection of the reader. It was once the *empire* of the new Sesostris,

the modern, mightier far,  
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his  
car.

the champion and the child  
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild!  
Whose game was empires and whose stakes were  
thrones!

Whose table earth—whose dice were human  
bones!  
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,  
And as thy Nature urges, weep or smile.

Elba is an island opposite to the coast of Tuscany, about sixty miles in circumference. The air is healthy, excepting in the neighbourhood of the salt marshes. The country is mountainous, and, having all the florid vegetation of Italy, is, in general of a romantic character. It produces grain, but exports a considerable quantity of wines; and its iron ore has been famous since the days of Virgil. There are also other mineral productions. The island boasts two good harbours, and is liberally productive of vines, olives, fruits, and

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maize. Perhaps, if an empire could be supposed to exist within a brief space, Elba possesses so much both of beauty and variety, as might constitute the dream of a summer-night's sovereignty. Bonaparte seemed to lend himself to the illusion.\*

The Engraving is from Mr. W. H. Williams's *Travels*, and includes the Fortress at Porto Ferrajo, the capital, and the palace of Napoleon. His description of the scene with some particulars of the ex-emperor will, therefore, be read with peculiar interest:—

"The palace is a plain house of two stories with wings, situate on the ridge above the town, between the forts of Falcone and Stella, which crown two rocks somewhat higher, and at a short distance from each other. It commands towards the south a fine view of the town, harbour, and mountains; and on the north of Piombino, the coast of Italy as far as the mountains of Lucca, and the islands to the west. Not a boat can stir without being observed. The

\* *Life of Napoleon.* By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. vol. viii.

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whole of this ridge, which is a rocky promontory or peninsula, projecting into the bay, is without a bush, if we except a fig tree in the small garden of the palace. The houses and the rock, (for it is nearly destitute of herbage,) the bastions, and flanking walls of the fortifications, being all white, are not a little distressing to the eyes, and the heat in summer would be almost insupportable, did not the sea breeze temper and freshen the air.

"You will naturally expect a variety of particulars relative to Napoleon's habits, plans, and projects, in his diminutive empire. This, at least, was to us an interesting subject for inquiry, and perhaps the information which we picked up may not be uninteresting to you. His restless activity attended him everywhere. On his passage, he had designed a national flag for his imperial island, and actually had it made by the sailors of the frigate which brought him to Elba; and before he set foot on shore, he had it hoisted on the fort, and saluted by the ships as they came to anchor in the roads.

"His mode of life was peculiar. He rose at two in the morning, and studied till daylight, being particularly fond of French history and Egyptian researches. At daylight he went out on foot, or on horseback, whatever the weather, to superintend his public roads, or the building of his country house, at Saint Martino, about three miles from the town. At nine he returned to breakfast, which consisted of a dish or two of meat, of which he eat sparingly, and various kinds of wine, of all of which he tasted. A cup of coffee followed. He then retired to bed, and slept two hours; after which he remained in his cabinet till the evening (in summer), receiving strangers, directing his government, giving audiences on business, arranging his plans, and latterly, perhaps, preparing those spirited proclamations which he issued on his landing in France.

"In the evening, attended by Bertrand or Drouet, he took an airing to St. Martino or Longone, with more than his usual state, and always in his carriage. He dined at eight, and never without company. Persons of distinction he placed beside him; but at the opposite side of the table there was left an open space. He ate rapidly of a great variety of dishes, calling for them promptly as he wanted them: a few glasses of French wine, swallowed hastily, concluded his dinner; and a dish of coffee was the signal for rising from the table, which all were expected

to obey, whether they had dined or not. Half an hour sufficed for this meal. If ladies were at table, he would generally help them himself, and sometimes, when gay, was full of compliment to all around. When thoughtful, he said nothing, and nobody presumed to address him. His drawing-room after dinner was usually the little garden behind the palace, where he spent the rest of the evening in conversation with his friends. He retired at eleven; but his mother, and his sister Pauline, still remained till the company separated. On Sunday he went regularly at twelve o'clock to mass, where all the authorities were expected to attend; the mass was celebrated in the palace. A levee followed, when he addressed himself in order to each person round the circle.

"When he arrived in Elba, he was to the last degree unpopular. The visitations of the French had left lasting memorials among the suffering inhabitants; but his address and liberality soon operated a change. He began instantly to alter and improve; to make roads and to raise buildings. In a few weeks a theatre was erected, for the evening's amusement of the Elbese; an old church was converted into a spacious barrack; an easy carriage-road was made into the town, and conducted by the best level towards the opposite extremities of the island; others were lined and levelled. Five thousand men were constantly employed at six Pauls, or about three shillings a-day, in these various undertakings; and the peasantry witnessed suddenly the effect of improvements, which, till then, perhaps, they had scarcely imagined. The influx of foreigners, attracted by curiosity to see the individual, who had been unceasingly present to the hopes and fears of almost every man in Europe, during by far the most eventful period of its history, brought money and occupation to the islanders. They seemed to receive a new existence, and for the first time, perhaps, to regard themselves as holding an ascertained place in the map of the world—a place not only comparatively, but actually distinguished. Within nine months, 867 English alone had been presented to Napoleon. Besides, this was only a foretaste of the blessings in store: long years of prosperity, astonishing improvements, an imperial revenue, actually overflowing into the pocket of every peasant, peace with the world, a national flag respected, an independent and commercial state. Can any one conceive, as the effect of all this, anything short of the strongest attachment to the

man, whose appearance among them was working such a change? Add to this his insinuating address. Napoleon—who had bowed with his single arm the stubborn necks of emperors, and shaken the foundations of the oldest European thrones, that seemed to have existed but by his license—talking unattended, and familiarly, with any common peasant whom he met with in his walks, interesting himself in his condition, listening to his story, hearing, and, when possible, redressing his complaints—was calculated to make an irresistible impression; and he has done so. The populace are said to have wept when he left their island, from the regard to his safety. Had he sufficiently regarded his own, he would not have given them occasion for tears."

Mr. Williams made a tour of the island; and his notes are as follow:—

"The island presents, at a distance, ranges of high mountains, either covered with small brushwood, or stony and barren. Among these, however, there is a lower range of hills, more or less cultivated with numerous little flat valleys, rich in vineyards and various fruits. These retired valleys and little plains are all divided and cultivated like orchards. From the practice of burning for pasture, the wood and shrubbery upon the hills is in general small, except where the suggera or cork tree abounds. The rest consists of evergreen oak, arbutus, covered at this season with its vermilion fruit, while myrtle in flower, lentanello, heath higher than our tallest broom, and a plant called mucchia, which covers the most barren spots, delighting to grow among stones and sandy soil, and diffusing, to a considerable distance round, an odour somewhat similar to that of nutmegs. Multitudes of sweet smelling herbs perfume the air: mint, lavender, and thyme, and many other aromatic herbs and shrubs, to which a botanist would find a name, are scattered with profusion over every hill and thicket. The sea breeze wafts over the island the united fragrance of this "wilderness of sweets:" it was at first delightful, and we often lingered a little to enjoy it; it soon, however, became less pleasing, and at length almost overpowering.—Among the scented mucchia, the red-legged, or Barbary partridge, is found, but not very abundantly, except near Campo and St. Ilario, on the south-west extremity. Game, indeed, is not in plenty, and chiefly consists of birds of passage from other countries. The beccafico, pigeons, turtles, and quails, are seen only in their transit to the op-

posite continents. A species of small hare is the only *quadruped* of game kind. Among ruined walls, and on the bare stony mountains, we meet with the scorpion and tarantula."

To return to Napoleon. Sir Walter Scott describes him as having established four places of residence in the different quarters of the island; and, as his amusement consisted in constant change and alternation, he travelled from one to another with the restlessness of a bird in a cage, which springs from perch to perch, since it is prevented from winging the air, its natural element. It seemed as if the magnitude of the object was not so much as the subject of his consideration, providing it afforded immediate scope for employing his constant and stimulated desire of activity. He was like the thoroughbred gamester, who, deprived of the means of depositing large stakes, will rather play at small game than leave the table. Humiliating as are these comparisons, they are equalled by a passage in Lord Byron's "Ode:—"

Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,  
And gaze upon the sea;  
That element may meet thy smile,  
It ne'er was ruled by thee!  
Or trace with thine all idle hand  
In loitering mood upon the sand  
That earth is now as free!

## HYDROPHOBIA.

(For the Mirror.)

In all diseases, hydrophobia not excepted, prevention is better than cure. It is well known to practitioners in the diseases of dogs, that this dreadful malady chiefly proceeds from the savage custom of dog-fighting; while some of the best informed of these authorities even go so far as to doubt any instance of its spontaneous existence, or without the bite of a rabid animal at some period or other; and it is, it appears, classed with some other disorders which are only produced by communication, where the punishment of vice seems the object nature had in view. It is not, as may be seen from these observations, supposed that by the mere fighting of healthy dogs hydrophobia is created; but the complaint it is known frequently lies dormant, and never suspected till discovered by its dire effect. Besides which, an habitual ferocity and propensity to biting is excited in dogs by frequent combats, which is the cause of their becoming mischievous when in a rabid state. In evidence of the truth of this persuasion, Mr. Youatt, the celebrated veterinary surgeon, adds his

own, and informs us, "that by fighting-dogs, in a tenfold greater degree than by any other breed, *rabies canina* is propagated. See also the following extracts from Samuel Cooper's *Dictionary of Practical Surgery*, page 604:—

"The term hydrophobia is a palpable misnomer, for in no instance does there ever exist any dread of water (in dogs.) On the contrary, dogs are in general very greedy after it. There is very little of that wild, savage fury that is expected by the generality of persons. An early antipathy to strange dogs and cats is observed." Page 605. "These animals, when actually affected with rabies, from their quiet manner, have even not been suspected of having the disorder, and have even been allowed to run about, fondled, and slept with. (See *Mem. of Swedish Acad.* 1777.) Boerhaave, however, suspects that it sometimes arises from infection. We learn from Dr. J. Hunter, that in the hot island of Jamaica, where the dogs are exceedingly numerous, not one was known to go mad during forty years. Although (says M. Larry) hydrophobia is more frequent in warm than temperate climates, it is not observed in Egypt; and the natives assured us that they knew of no instance in which the disorder had manifested itself, either in man or animals. No doubt, (it is remarked) this is owing to the species and character of the dogs of this country, and their manner of living."

It is remarked that "the Egyptian dogs are almost constantly in a state of inaction; during the day they lie down in the shade, near vessels full of fresh water, prepared by the natives. They only run about in the night time." Then, in speaking of the Egyptian dogs, it observes, that "their disposition is meek and peaceable, and they rarely fight with each other; possibly all these causes may exempt them from rabies."—Larry in *Mem. de Chir. Militaire*, tom. ii. p. 226.

In Mr. Meynell's account, which was communicated to him by a physician, it is asserted, "that the complaint never arises from hot weather, nor putrid provisions, nor from any cause except the bite; for, however dogs have been confined, however fed, or whatever may have been the heat of the season, the disorder never commenced without a possibility of tracing it to the preceding cause, nor was it ever introduced into the kennel, except by the bite of a mad dog. This malady is also stated to be rare in the northern parts of Turkey, more rare in the southern provinces of

that empire, and totally unknown under the burning sky of Egypt. At Aleppo, where these animals perish in great numbers for want of food and water, and the heat of the climate, this disorder is never known. In other parts of Africa, and in the hottest zone of America, dogs are said never to be attacked with madness." Page 609, "A species of hydrophobia has been known to originate from an inflammation of the stomach, (*Med. Essays*, vol. i.) also from the bite of an epileptic patient, or of persons in violent fits of passion."

The dangers of hydrophobia then appearing to be increased by dog-fighting, the abolition of dog-fighting and the pits where it is practised, must tend to prevent hydrophobia.

LEWIS GOMPERTZ.

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

REMINISCENCES FROM THE PORTFOLIO  
OF A LOVER OF LITERATURE.

It may seem a matter of no extraordinary difficulty to give a plain answer to a plain question; and yet it is an art which it evidently requires some trouble to learn. In all half-civilized nations, the inquirer for the most simple thing is met by an enigma for an answer; and, among the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, civilized as the general communities may be, the system often seems to be studied evasion. This dialogue is the model of thousands in the sister isle:—

"Is this the nearest road to Cork?"

"Is it to Cork you are going?"

"Yes, but my question is, as to the nearest road?"

"Why, this road is as near as that on the other side of the hill; for neither of them is any road at all."

"Then which way ought I to go?"

"Oh, that depends on your honour's own liking. Perhaps you wouldn't like to go back again?"

"Certainly not. But, one word for all, my good fellow—do you know any thing about any kind of road here?"

"There now, if your honour had asked that before, I could have told you at once."

"Out with it then!"

"Why the truth is, y<sup>r</sup> honour, that I am a stranger in these parts; and the best thing you can do is to stop till somebody comes that knows all about the way."

"Stupid scoundrel! why did you not say so at first?"

"Stupid! that's all my thanks. But why did not your honour ask me if I belonged to the place? that would have settled the business. Take a fool's advice, and stop where you are."

Mr. C. Croker, in his clever description of the south of Ireland, gives characteristic sketches of the peasantry, which every traveller will realize. The Irishman has the curious habit of conversing confidentially with every thing. "Did you give the horses a feed of oats at the village?" said one of the tourists to the driver, who had for the last hour found no slight difficulty in urging on his wearied hacks. "I did not, your honour," was the reply; "but sure and they know I promised them a good one at Limerick."

A curious example of this understanding between man and horse was given in a ride from Cork to Mallow. The tourist had advised a farmer, with whom he rode, to quicken his pace, as there were signs of a storm. The man's answer was—"Sure and so I would, for the pleasure of your honour's company; but I promised the *baste* to let him walk; and more blame to me, if I belie myself to any one, let alone the dumb *baste*! For says he to me, 'I'm tired, and I'll not go a step faster, and you can't make me, moreover!' And says I, 'I scorn it! and so take your own way!'"

I know few things finer in the northern incantations, or in the *Fury* scenes of antiquity, than some fragments of an Irish legend of the war between Eagan and "Conn of the hundred battles," probably some Scandinavian Nelson. The night before the final struggle, Eagan received the announcement of his destiny from these Irish Volkyriur:

"When Eagan came back from the council, three witches stood before him, with fiery-looking eyes, and long grizzly hair hanging down over cadaverous countenances. The eyebrows of those fiends were large, rough, and grim, growing into each other, and forming two arches of matted bristles. Their cheeks were hollow, shrivelled, and meagre; their blasting tongues held ceaseless gabble; and their crooked, yellow, hairy hands, and hooked fingers, resembled the talons of an eagle. Thus, on small, in-bent, and bony legs, they stood before Eagan.

"'Whence came ye, foul ones?' asked the chief.

"'We come from afar by our powers,' they replied.

"'I demand to know your powers,' said Eagan, leader of the mighty bands.

"'We make the sea run higher than

the mountain-tops by our breath; we bring snow on the earth by the nodding of our hoary heads; we spread flame through cities by our words; we change the shape of all things—of man and ourselves—by the rolling of our eyes!'

"'Enough!' exclaimed the mighty Eagan; 'I demand your names!'

"'Our names are—Ah, Lann, and Leana, daughters of Tradan the magician. We have come from far countries, to warn you of death. Eagan shall fall by the keen-edged and bone-cleaving sword of the ever-victorious 'Conn of the hundred battles.'

"'On your own heads may the warning alight, ye hags of hell! May your forebodings sink into the air, and find no answer in the mountains! May the trees bear the curse of your evil words, the poison of your tongues fall on the rocks of the valley, and your hatred be buried in the billows of the rolling sea!'

"'It is the will of Fate that we speak: we have spoken without haste or hire!'  
—Muttering their spells, they vanished from before Eagan.

"That night came the three to the tent of the King of Spain's son; and to him they too boded ill; and thence they came where the hosts of 'Conn of the hundred battles' lay on the field, and they roused the hero with their words:

"'In thy arm be thy strength; in thy sword be thy safety; in thy face be thy foes; in thy step, thy prosperity! The pride of Ireland is against thee, in life and in motion. Be thou restless as the treacherous light, that shines in the eye of the benighted traveller!'"

THE last words said to be spoken by Cromwell are invaluable as a key to his whole career. He had, during the progress of his illness, boldly predicted that he should recover. Some of his immediate councillors, who saw the inevitable result of the disorder, ventured at last to recommend that he should speak less confidentially on the subject, to save his character for prediction. But the Lord Protector judged on principles fitted to act upon the multitude. He refused to qualify his words: "If I recover," said he, "the fools will think me a prophet; and if I die, what matter then if they call me an impostor!"

THE secret of Dante's struggles through life, was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact, that in the households of princes, the court fool was in greater favour than

the philosopher. "Similarity of minds," said the fierce genius, "is, all over the world, the source of friendship."

NOTHING is more characteristic of the strange mixture of levity and daring that we sometimes find in the French character, than Crebillon's answer to the observation, that his tragedies turned too much upon fierce and fiendish passions. "What was I to do?" said he, "Corneille had taken the heavens, and Racine the earth; I had nothing left me but the infernal regions."

THE expression of Bossuet, to one who found him preparing one of his famous orations, with the *Iliad* open on his table, is finely characteristic of the lofty and magnificent genius of the man. "I always have Homer beside me when I make my sermons. I love to light my lamp at the sun!"

PARR's remark on Gibbon's style contains the essence of all the criticism that can be written on the subject: "Gibbon is too uniform; he writes in the same flowery and pompous style upon all topics. He is like a fashionable auctioneer, who has as much to say on a ribbon as on a Raphael."

THE maxims of solitary students are seldom good for anything, except perhaps to show into what absurdities men will plunge headlong, when they have no better guide than their own wisdom. The only valuable maxims, are those which experience of the world, forces on men of the world. Sir Joshua Reynolds continually deprecated imitation, as the ruin of rising ability, as an impediment which if talent raises for itself, at once and for ever limits its progress. "Then we have a host of players of the Garrick school," said he, "and not one of them can ever rise to eminence, because they are of the Garrick school. If one man always walks behind another, how can he ever equal him, still more get before him."

HORNE TOOKE was a man of remarkable sagacity, singularly well acquainted with the state of England, and familiar with the course of public transactions in all times and nations. But in his delight at the progress of the French revolution, he boldly predicted that the same formidable process must be inevitably undergone by this country. On a man of more unprejudiced mind, the whole aspect of the empire must have irresistibly impressed the directly opposite

conviction; but Horne Tooke wished, and therefore believed. He was perfectly certain that the overthrow of ranks, at least, must come within a short period. "I trust," said he, in the utmost sincerity of familiar intercourse, "we shall live to see the day when the distinctions of title will be abolished, and we may eat our mutton without being teased with such childish objects as ribbons, stars, and garters." He perpetually predicted the immediate downfall of the whole system of the country, and sneered habitually at the attempts to revive credit. On hearing of the bankruptcies, frequent at that period, he could not dissemble his rebel gratification. "You are not going," he would say, "you are gone: it is not a slight hurt, but a mortal gangrene"

THE late Mr. Windham now and then said some happy things. In the debate on the Walcheren expedition, when the ministers stated that its object was to take Antwerp by a *coup-de-main*—"Take Antwerp by a *coup-de-main*," said Windham contemptuously—"Antwerp, with every inch of the road covered with dykes, batteries and inundations? Why, they might as well talk of a *coup-de-main* in the Court of Chancery!" The oddity and force of the illustration excited great applause.

He made a capital simile on the state of the ministry, soon after the Whigs had seen Percival fixed in power by the Prince Regent: "We waste powder and shot upon them," said he, "they are like wild-fowl in a lake: we may knock them down fast enough, but the difficulty is to get them out."

MOORE's words to the Irish melodies are sometimes tender and poetical,—though they are generally too full of *conceits*, and too fond of rambling into obscure allusions, to touch the heart. But the original poetry of Ireland is sometimes tender and natural in the highest degree. Nothing can be finer in the poetry of passion than some of the love verses of Edmond Ryan, better known in the old remembrances of Ireland, as Edmond of the Hills, from his unhappy and wandering life. Ryan had fought for James II.; and his estate was confiscated after the defeat of that most worthless of kings. His remaining life was spent at the head of bands of outlaws, struggling for subsistence, and sometimes desperately avenging his wrongs on the heads of the possessors of the forfeited estates. One of his wild poems is addressed to some proud beauty



who had forgotten him. After a long recapitulation of her charms, the out-law bursts into the following powerful and pathetic complainings. They are the very anguish of poetry :—

"Why art thou false to me and love,  
While health and joy with thee are vanished?  
Is it because forlorn I rove,  
Without a crime, undone, and banished?

Why do I thus my anguish tell?  
Why pride in woe, and boast of rain?  
Oh! lost treasure, fare thee well!  
Oh! loved to madness—to undoing!

Yet, oh hear me fondly swear,  
Though thy heart to me is frozen—  
Thou alone of thousands fair,  
Thou alone should'st be my chosen.

Every scene with thee would please,  
Every care and fear would fly me;  
Wintry storms and raging seas  
Would lose their gloom, if thou wert nigh me.

Such, oh Love! thy cruel power—  
Fond excess and fatal ruin!  
Such, oh Beauty's fairest flower!  
Such thy charms, and my undoing!"

*Monthly Magazine.*

#### A GRAVE REHEARSAL—UNDERTAKERS.

SURELY Dame Nature tried to cry,  
The morning when she made the die  
For moulding undertakers;  
With swallow-visag'd, scarecrow forms  
Frought into life in clouds and storms.  
With hands to knead their fellow-worms,  
And take them to the bakers.

Their grave-stone eye-balls, deadly white,  
Hang out, like flags of truce in fight.  
As sign-boards to the dying;  
Whilst their suppress'd lugubrious moan,  
Borrow'd from Satan as a loan,  
But seems to echo as from stone  
Automatons in crying.

Their very vesture, cut from palls  
Too brown to deck the hearse, recalls  
Grim death's fatality:  
Like Pluto's myrmidons on earth,  
Their prescient parents gave them birth,  
Industriously to cause a dearth  
In live mortality.

And when they've placed our burial urns  
In vaults, like snuff-jars of 'returns;"  
Man's last magnificence.  
Making rife merriment of woes,  
Arrang'd upon the hearse in rows.  
They laugh away, like carrion crows,  
At death's omnipotence.

At last, they mount their own black carriage,  
And end, by taking death in marriage,  
Their body rakings.  
The remnants of their mortal dust,  
Encased within a leaden crust,  
Are laid beneath the earth, in trust  
For undertakings.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### THE PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

A WEALTHY young lover once sought for his  
bride,

A dame of the blue-stocking school;

"Excuse me, good Sir, but I've vowed," she  
replied,

"That I never would marry a fool!"

"Then think not of wedlock," he answered,  
"my fair,

Your vow was Diana's suggestion,  
Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,  
Would venture to ask you the question?"

*Ibid.*

## The Selector;

AND

### LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

#### SHIP ON FIRE.

THE *Fame*, in which Sir Stamford Raffles embarked, on his return from India to England, happened to be destroyed by fire. The catastrophe is thus described by Sir Stamford, in a letter dated Bencoolen, February 4, 1824 :—

"We embarked on the 2nd instant, and sailed at daylight for England, with a fair wind, and every prospect of a quick and comfortable passage. The ship was every thing we could wish; and having closed my charge here much to my satisfaction, it was one of the happiest days of my life. We were, perhaps, too happy, for in the evening came a sad reverse. Sophia had just gone to bed, and I had thrown off half my clothes, when a cry of fire! fire! roused us from our calm content; and in five minutes the whole ship was in flames! I ran to examine whence the flames principally issued, and found that the fire had its origin immediately under our cabin. Down with the boats! Where is Sophia?—Here. The children?—Here. A rope to the side. Lower Lady Raffles. Give her to me, says one; I'll take her, says the captain. Throw the gunpowder overboard. It cannot be got at—it is in the magazine, close to the fire. Stand clear of the powder. Scuttle the water-casks. Water! water! Where's Sir Stamford? Come into the boat, Nilson! Nilson, come into the boat! Push off—push off! Stand clear of the after part of the ship.

"All this passed much quicker than I can write it. We pushed off; and as we did so, the flames burst out of our cabin window, and the whole of the after part of the ship was in flames. The masts and sails now taking fire, we moved to a distance sufficient to avoid the immediate explosion; but the flames were now coming out of the main hatchway; and seeing the rest of the crew, with the captain, still on board, we pulled back to her under the bows, so as to be more distant from the powder. As we approached, we perceived that the people on board were getting into another boat on the opposite side. She pushed off; we hailed her: have you all on board?—Yes, all, save one. Who is he?—Johnson, sick in his cot. Can we save him?—No, impossible. The flames were issuing from the hatch-

way. At this moment the poor fellow, scorched, I imagine, by the flames, roared out most lustily, having run upon the deck. I will go for him, says the captain. The two boats then came together; and we took out some of the persons from the captain's boat, which was overladen. He then pulled under the bowsprit of the ship, and picked the poor fellow up. Are you all safe?—Yes, we have got the man: all lives safe. Thank God! Pull off from the ship. Keep your eye on a star, Sir Stamford.—There's one scarcely visible.

"We then hauled close to each other, and found the captain fortunately had a compass; but we had no light except from the ship. Our distance from Bencoolen we estimated to be about fifty miles, in a south-west direction. There being no landing-place to the southward of Bencoolen, our only chance was to regain that port. The captain then undertook to lead, and we to follow, in a N.N.E. course, as well as we could: no chance, no possibility being left, that we could again approach the ship, for she was now one splendid flame, fore and aft, and aloft, her masts and sails in a blaze, and rocking to and fro, threatening to fall in an instant. There goes her mizen-mast: pull away, my boys: there goes the gunpowder! Thank God! thank God.

"You may judge of our situation without further particulars. The alarm was given at about twenty minutes past eight, and in less than ten minutes she was in flames. There was not a soul on board at half-past eight, and in less than ten minutes afterwards she was one grand mass of fire.

"My only apprehension was the want of boats to hold the people, as there was not time to have got out the long-boat, or to make a raft. All we had to rely upon were two small quarter-boats, which fortunately were lowered without accident; and in these two small open boats, without a drop of water or grain of food, or a rag of covering, except what we happened at the moment to have on our backs, we embarked on the ocean, thankful to God for his mercies! Poor Sophia, having been taken out of her bed, had nothing on but a wrapper, neither shoes nor stockings. The children were just as taken out of bed, whence one had been snatched after the flames had attacked it. In short, there was not time for any one to think of more than two things: Can the ship be saved? No. Let us save ourselves, then. All else was swallowed up in one grand ruin.

"To make the best of our misfortune, we availed ourselves of the light from the ship to steer a tolerably good course towards the shore. She continued to burn till about midnight, when the saltpetre, which she had on board, took fire, and sent up one of the most splendid and brilliant flames that ever was seen, illuminating the horizon in every direction, to an extent of not less than fifty miles, and casting that kind of blue light over us, which is of all others most horrible. She burnt and continued to flame in this style for about an hour or two, when we lost sight of the object in a cloud of smoke.

"Neither Nilson nor Mr. Bell, our medical friend who had accompanied us, had saved their coats; but the tail of mine, with a pocket handkerchief, served to keep Sophia's feet warm, and we made breeches for the children with our neckcloths. Rain now came on, but fortunately it was not of long continuance, and we got dry again. The night became serene and star-light. We were now certain of our course, and the men behaved manfully: they rowed incessantly, and with good heart and spirit; and never did poor mortals look out more for day-light and for land than we did. Not that our sufferings or grounds of complaint were any thing to what has often befallen others; but from Sophia's delicate health, as well as my own, and the stormy nature of our coast, I felt perfectly convinced we were unable to undergo starvation, and exposure to sun and weather, many days; and aware of the rapidity of the currents, I feared we might fall to the southward of the port.

"At day-light we recognised the coast and Rat Island, which gave us great spirits; and though we found ourselves much to the southward of the port, we considered ourselves almost at home. Sophia had gone through the night better than could have been expected; and we continued to pull on with all our strength. About eight or nine, we saw a ship standing to us from the Roads. They had seen the flames on shore, and sent out vessels to our relief; and here certainly came a minister of Providence in the character of a minister of the Gospel, for the first person I recognised was one of our missionaries. They gave us a bucket of water, and we took the captain on board as a pilot. The wind, however, was adverse, and we could not reach the shore, and took to the ship, where we got some refreshment, and shelter from the sun. By this time Sophia was quite exhausted, fainting



continually. About two o'clock, we landed safe and sound; and no words of mine can do justice to the expressions of feeling, sympathy, and kindness, with which we were hailed by every one. If any proof had been wanting that my administration had been satisfactory here, we had it unequivocally from all. There was not a dry eye; and as we drove back to our former home, loud was the cry of 'God be praised!'

"The loss I have to regret beyond all is my papers and drawings: all my notes and observations, with memoirs and collections, sufficient for a full and ample history—not only of Sumatra, but of Borneo, and almost every other island of note in these seas,—my intended account of the establishment of Singapore,—the history of my own administration,—eastern grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies,—and last, not least, a grand map of Sumatra, on which I had been employed since my arrival here, and on which, for the last six months, I had bestowed almost my whole undivided attention. This however was not all: all my collections in natural history,—all my splendid collection of drawings, upwards of *two thousand* in number, with all the valuable papers and notes of my friends, Arnold and Jack; and, to conclude, I will merely notice, that there was scarce an unknown animal, bird, beast, or fish, or an interesting plant, which we had not on board: a living tapir, a new species of tiger, splendid pheasants, &c., domesticated for the voyage. We were, in short, in this respect, a perfect Noah's ark.

"All, all has perished! but, thank God, our lives have been spared, and we do not repine."

THE following interesting anecdote is mentioned by Lady Raffles, on the occasion of the death of their first child:—

"Whilst the editor was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of this favourite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children—unable to bear even the light of day—humbled upon her couch, with a feeling of misery, she was addressed by a poor, ignorant, uninstructed native woman, of the lowest class (who had been employed about the nursery), in terms of reproach not to be forgotten: 'I am come, because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen?—Were you not the envy of every body?

Did any one ever see him, or speak of him, without admiring him?—and, instead of letting this child continue in this world, till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? What would you have more? For shame! Leave off weeping, and let me open a window.'"

#### SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NEW DRAMAS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT's dramatic pieces are without doubt, the least successful of all his writings. Critics think the public are fully sensible of this fact, and they allow comparative failures to pass by without analysis.

The specimens before us are two in number, the *Doom of Devorgoil* and *Auchincrane*. The first piece was written long since for the purpose of obliging the late Mr. Terry, then manager of the Adelphi Theatre, for whom the author had a particular regard. It was not represented, for "the manner in which some mimic goblins were intermixed with the supernatural machinery, was found to be objectionable;" it had also other faults, and we question whether it would ever have worked together for the good of the Adelphi treasury.

The general story of the *Doom of Devorgoil* is founded on an old Scottish tradition, the scene of which lies in Galloway. The crime supposed to have occasioned the misfortunes of this devoted house, is similar to that of a Lord Herries of Hoddam Castle. In remorse for his crime, he built the singular monument called the Tower of Repentance. In many cases the Scottish superstitions allude to the furies, or those who, for sins of a milder description are permitted to wander with the "rout that never rest." They imitate human labour and human amusements, but their toil is useless, and without any advantageous result; and their gaiety is unsubstantial and hollow. The phantom of Lord Erick, one of the *dram. pers.* is supposed to be a spectre of this character.

The machinery of the piece is too obscure, and to say the truth, hardly worth unravelling to the reader. Besides the Baron of Devorgoil and his Lady, there is a lover-hero and a daughter of the first mentioned; and a little underplot of Blackthorn, a companion of Leonard, in love with Kathleen, a niece of the baron. The stage business throughout the piece is amply explained, and the author speaks of "flats" as familiarly as would one of the Adelphi scene-painters.

Our extracts must be in detached songs and passages. In the opening scene occurs the following

## SONG.

The sun upon the lake is low,  
The wild birds hush their song,  
The hills have evening's deepest glow,  
Yet Leonard tarries long.  
Now all whom varied toil and care  
From home and love divide,  
In the calm sunset may repair  
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame, on turret high,  
Who waits her gallant knight,  
Looks to the western beam to spy  
The flash of armour bright.  
The village maid, with hand on brow,  
The level ray to shade,  
Upon the footpath watches now  
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,  
By day they swam apart,  
And to the thicket wanders slow,  
The hind beside the hart.  
The woodlark at his partner's side  
'Twitters his closing song—  
All meet whom day and care divide,  
But Leonard tarries long.

Katleen speaks very unequivocally of the towers of Devorgoil :

Dungeons for men, and palaces for owls;  
Yet no wise owl would change a farmer's barn  
For yonder hungry hall—our latest mouse,  
Our last of mice, I tell you, has been found  
Starved in the pantry; and the reverend spider,  
Sole living tenant of the Baron's halls,  
Who, train'd to abstinence, lived a whole  
summer

Upon a single fly, he's famish'd too;  
The cat is in the kitchen-chimney seated  
Upon our last of fagots, destined soon  
To dress our last of suppers, and, poor soul,  
Is starved with cold, and mewling mad with  
hunger!

Blackthorn and vassals sing the following weaponshaw :

We love the shrill trumpet, we love the drum's  
rattle,  
They call us to sport, and they call us to battle;  
And old Scotland shall laugh at the threats of a  
stranger,  
While our comrades in pastime are comrades in  
danger.

If there's mirth in our house, 'tis our neighbour  
that shares it—

If peril approach, 'tis our neighbour that dares it;  
And when we lead off to the pipe and the tabor,  
The fair hand we press is the hand of a neighbour.

Then close your ranks, comrades, the bands  
that combine them,

Faith, friendship, and brotherhood, join'd to  
entwine them;

And we'll laugh at the threats of each insolent  
stranger,

While our comrades in sport are our comrades  
in danger.

The fall of the House of Devorgoil :

There sunk the lineage of a noble name,  
And the wild waves boom'd over sire and son,  
Mother and nursing, of the House of Aglionby,  
Leaving but one frail tendril. Hence the fate  
That hovers o'er these turrets,—hence the peasant,

Belated, lying homewards, dreads to cast  
A glance upon that portal, lest he see  
The unshrouded spectres of the murder'd dead;  
Or the avenging Angel, with his sword,  
Waving destruction; or the grisly phantom

Of that fell chief, the doer of the deed,  
Which still, they say, roams through his empty  
halls,  
And mourns their wasteness and their loneliness.

Act I. closes with the following song,  
whilst a storm is raging :

When the tempest's at the loudest  
On its gale the eagle rides;  
When the ocean rolls the proudest,  
Through the foam the sea-bird glides  
All the rage of wind and sea  
Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,  
All the ills that men endure;  
Each their various pangs combining,  
Constancy can find a cure—  
Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,  
Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,  
Make me abject, mean, and poor,  
Heap on insults without measure,  
Chain me to a dungeon floor—  
I'll be happy, rich, and free,  
If endow'd with constancy.

The relief of the piece is in the humorous underplot of Leonard and Katleen, and their best scene is where they disguise themselves as Owlspiegle and Cockledemoy, (two traditional goblins,) in order to torment Gullcrammer, a peadantic pretender to Flora. We quote a portion :

*Duet without, between Owlspiegle and Cockledemoy.*

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy—

COCKLEDIMOY.

Here, father, here.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Now the pole-star's red and burning,

And the witch's spindle turning,

Appear, appear!

*Gullcrammer (who has again raised himself, and listened with great terror to the Duet.)*

I have heard of the devil's dam before,  
But never of his child. Now, Heaven  
deliver me!

The Papists have the better of us there,  
They have their Latin prayers, cut and  
dried,

And pat for such occasion—I can think  
On naught but the vernacular.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy, &

We'll sport us here—

COCKLEDIMOY.

Our gambols play,  
Like elf and fay;

OWLSPIEGLE.

And domineer,

BOTH.

Laugh, frolic, and frisk, till the morning appear.

COCKLEDIMOY.

Lift latch—open clasp—

Shoot bolt—and burst hnap!

*The door opens with violence. Enter Blackthorn, as Owlspegle, fantastically dressed as a Spanish Barber, tall, thin, emaciated, and ghostly; Flora, as Cockledemoy, attends as his Page. All their manners, tones, and motions, are fantastic, as those of Goblins. They make two or three times the circuit of the room, without seeming to see Gullcrammer. They then resume their chant, or recitative.*

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

What wilt thou do that will give thee joy?

Wilt thou ride on the midnight owl!

COCKLEDEMOY.

No; for the weather is stormy and foul.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

What wilt thou do that can give thee joy?  
With a needle for a sword, and a thimble for a hat.

Wilt thou fight a traverse with the castle cat?

COCKLEDEMOY.

Oh, no, she has claws, and I like not that.

GULLCRAMMER.

I see the devil is a doating father,  
And spoils his children—'tis the surest way

To make cursed imps of them. They  
see me not—

What will they think on next? It must  
be own'd,

They have a dainty choice of occupations.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

What shall we do that can give thee joy?

Shall we go seek for a cuckoo's nest?

COCKLEDEMOY.

That's best, that's best!

BOTH.

About, about,

Like an elvish scout,

The cuckoo's a gull, and we'll soon find him out.

*They search the room with mops and  
mows. At length Cockledemoy jumps  
on the bed. Gullcrammer raises him-  
self half up, supporting himself by  
his hands. Cockledemoy does the  
same, and grins at him, then skips  
from the bed, and runs to Owlspegle.*

COCKLEDEMOY.

I've found the nest,

And in it a guest,

With a sable cloak and a taffeta vest;

He must be wash'd, and trimm'd, and drest,

To please the eyes he loves the best.

OWLSPIEGLE.

That's best, that's best.

BOTH.

He must be shaved, and trimm'd, and dress'd,  
To please the eyes he loves the best.

*They arrange shaving things on the  
table, and sing as they prepare them.*

BOTH.

Know that all of the humbug, the bite, and the  
buzz,

Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

OWLSPIEGLE (*sharpening his razor.*)

The sword this was made of was lost in a fray

By a fop, who first bullied and then ran away;

And the strap, from the hide of a lame racer,

sold

By Lord Match, to his friend, for some hun-  
dreds in gold.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,  
Of the make-believe world becomes forfeit to us.

COCKLEDEMOY (*placing the napkin.*)

And this cambric napkin, so white and so fair,

At an usurer's funeral I stole from the heir.

*Drops something from a vial, as going  
to make suds.*

This dewdrop I caught from one eye of his  
mother,

Which wept while she ogled the parson with  
t'other.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,  
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

OWLSPIEGLE (*arranging the lather and the  
basin.*)

My soap-ball is of the mild alkali made,

Which the soft dedicat'or employs in his trade;

And it froths with the pith of a promise, that's

sworn

By a lover at night, and forgot on the morn.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,  
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

Halloo, halloo,

The blackcock crew,

Thrice shriek'd hath the owl, thrice croak'd hath

the raven,

Here, ho; Master Gullcrammer, rise and be

shaven!

\* \* \* \* \*  
OWLSPIEGLE *shaves* GULLCRAMMER, while COCKLE-  
DEMOY *sings.*

Father never started hair.

Shaved too close, or left too bare—

Father's razor slips as glib

As from courtly tongue a fib.

Whiskers, moustache, he can trim in

Fashion meet to please the women;

Sharp's his blade, perfum'd his lather,—

Happy those are trimmed by father!

This is all we have room for at present. Of Auchindrane, which is by far the best drama of the two, we may speak anon.

## Manners & Customs of all Nations.

### HAITIAN FUNERALS.

MR. MACKENZIE, in his interesting  
"Notes on Haiti," observes—

"It strikes a stranger as very extraordinary that the people should seem to delight in attending funerals. The women are the principal attendants, and the greater the number, the greater the honour paid to the deceased. Some uncharitable foreigners ascribe this to the want of places of public amusement, at which the ladies can exhibit themselves.

Funerals and church thus, it is said, become their only resource. I found afterwards in Jamaica, that the humblest slave aspires to the glory of a fine funeral; so that personal vanity may not be the sole cause of the Haitian practice of inviting the whole town to escort the dead to their last earthly home. The custom extends to foreigners as well as natives; and, with half-a-dozen exceptions, I can with truth declare that all the invitations I received for the first six months of my residence were to funerals, and I must candidly own that I did not do due honour to the dead; for the time of the ceremonial being one at which the sun was very powerful, I generally contrived to mourn by deputy."

#### HAITIAN EXECUTIONER.

AT Port-au-Prince, among the other things to which a stranger's attention is called, is a savage ruffian-like black man (named Gattie), who labours as a porter. He walks about bare-footed, dressed in a linen shirt and trousers, with a large beard, and his eyes fixed on the ground. This fellow was Christophe's chief executioner, of whom it is told that, when directed to perform the duties of his office, he invariably waited on the relatives of his victim, and demanded a fee, in proportion to which he inflicted more or less torture on the unhappy sufferer. He had attained from practice such an unenviable dexterity in decapitation, that for a proper remuneration he could with his sabre remove the head at one stroke, and by the instant prostration of the trunk, avoid staining the collar with blood. At least such is the tale told, when, shuddering at his ill-omened countenance, he is pointed out by those who remember him in all his glory and iniquity.—*Notes on Haiti.*

#### EXECUTION IN HAITI.

MR. MACKENZIE also relates the following terrific description of an execution:

"Very soon after my arrival, rumours prevailed of a dissatisfied spirit being at work, on account of the arrangements with France; but no overt act occurred, or was said to occur, before my return from my journey. At this time the boldness of the discussions excited the attention of the government; and on the 26th June three black officers were arrested, on a charge of having tampered with a soldier, to join them in assassinating the president. The ostensible prime mover of the plan, Captain Bellegrade, also a negro, escaped. In the

course of a few days after several arrests took place, and disclosures of importance were reported to have been made as to the extent of the dissatisfaction. The trial of the three accused was first fixed for the 2nd July; but the subsequent arrest of a fourth black officer produced a delay until the 3rd of the same month, when the four accused, Captain Jean François, Lieutenant Michel, Lieutenant Lion, and Sergeant Lion Courchois, were brought before a court-martial, consisting of nine members, seven of whom were blacks. The prisoners were charged with conspiring to murder the president, to expel or murder all Europeans, and to alter the government. They denied the intention to murder the president, or any of the foreigners; but avowed their wish to put an end to the existing system of government, which they treated as oppressive, and to break off all connexion with France—a connexion which they considered to be maintained merely to extort the last of their miserable pittance.

"I was not in court, but I was told that this style of defence was soon stopped; nor were the counsel permitted to discuss the inapplicability of the law under which the trial was going on, to the particular cases, or to adduce evidence of their innocence. It was even asserted that, on one of the advocates urging his right to be heard, he was stopped by the president's holding out his watch, and remarking, as he pointed to it, "le tems presse."

"The accused were convicted and sentenced to death. They called for a court of revision, which was refused; and in two or three hours the unfortunate men were at the place of execution.

"The place of execution is a large open space close to the principal burying ground, called "La Cimetiere." On my riding there I found a considerable body of people assembled, and some women, clothed in white, close to the ditch that surrounds the place of interment, uttering wild cries, and exhibiting frantic gesticulations. They were the wives and female relatives of the unhappy convicts.

"The ground was guarded by the civic militia, whose apprehensions had been strongly excited by rumours of pillage meditated by the sufferers. A considerable body of troops, said to have been disaffected, remained in quarters, and the artillery, under the command of one of the most devoted of the president's adherents, were drawn up during

the time of the execution, at no very remote distance.

"I had not been long on the ground before the bustle announced the approach of the four convicts. Each was tied, by the arms behind his back, to a rope in the hands of a police-soldier, who walked after him; each too was dressed in a white jacket and trousers, and smoked a cigar. A strong guard surrounded the whole of the prisoners, and the melancholy procession was closed by the shooting party, which consisted, as well as I can recollect, of about five-and-twenty men.

"I shall never forget the firm intrepidity with which these poor fellows advanced to meet their fate. They moved on without the slightest hesitation until they arrived at the fatal spot, close to a dead wall, at the extremity of the open space already referred to. On reaching it they still remained pinioned; but the policemen retired, and the shooting party advanced, with evident reluctance. At the word being given, the firing commenced, and instead of the wretched scene being closed by one, or at most by two well-directed fires, there was absolutely a succession of discharges resembling a feu-de-joie. I am sure that not less than one hundred discharges must have taken place before the execution was ended. On reaching the ground, the whole four refused to be bandaged, threw off their hats, and exclaimed to their executioners, "Ne craignez pas!" The first volley only slightly wounded Captain François, who stood at the extreme left; a second brought him down, though still alive. Michel was shot through the body in several places, and had both his arms broken before he fell. Lieutenant Lion fell next, after having been severely wounded. During the whole of this revolting exhibition, Sergeant Lion Courchois was standing on the extreme right of the party, calmly smoking a cigar, without moving a limb or a muscle of his face. A ball through his body brought him to the ground; and as he touched it, he spat the cigar from his mouth, and calmly discharged the volume of smoke from his lungs. The firing party then advanced, and putting the muzzles of their pieces to the bodies of these unhappy men, ended their sufferings by blowing them literally to pieces. At this part of the exhibition I gladly rode off, for it was the most revolting I had ever witnessed; and strongly as I felt the disgusting cruelty of the proceeding, I was more strongly impressed with admiration of the cool,

resolute, and unpretending intrepidity of these poor fellows, who had no strong stimulus to maintain their energy. They dreamt not of future immortality, nor that a record should ever be made of a firmness and courage which would have done honour to any Roman. Whether admiration for the conduct of the dead, or disbelief of the charges against them, operated most, I cannot pretend to say, but there was certainly a general gloom after the execution, such as I never before witnessed in Haiti."

## Fine Arts.

### THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

LAST Wednesday week there was a private view of two new Dioramic scenes; and, certes, St. Swithin seemed to favour its exclusiveness. The rain poured and pelted, and reminded us of the Spectator's fondness for rambling in a picture-gallery on a wet day. Thither we sped with undamped enthusiasm.

The new views are Mount St. Gothard, painted by Mons. Daguerre; and the Interior of Rheims Cathedral, by M. Bouton.

The view of St. Gothard is at the Passage Aux Roches, and taken from Faïdo, the principal town of the Val Levantine. The road turns on the sides of Mount Piotino, and crosses the Tersin at the Bridge of Azio Grande. It was made, at great expense, by frequent cuttings through the rock. In the background rises St. Gothard covered with perpetual snow. The Tersin rolls under a bridge seen in the middle of the picture, having opened for itself a passage through the mountain—but tremendous pieces of rock obstruct its course and ruffle its waters, which fall in enormous cascades into chasms and precipices which the eye cannot measure.

We can scarcely do justice to the pictorial illusion of this scene. The sublime and stupendous character of the mountain is admirably preserved, as is the distant St. Gothard, with the beautiful effect of sunlight gleaming on the perpetual snow. The vastness and extent of the scenery are so powerfully impressed on the spectator, that it is scarcely possible for him to believe that he is merely beholding, comparatively, a few square yards of canvass, aided by light and shade. There are no figures introduced to give effect to the proportions of the scenery, or by comparison, to aid an estimate of its majestic character. The mountains rise in all the sullen grandeur of the sublime; but the

arch which crosses the chasm, and the road winding round Mount Piatino, are mere puny labours of man. Still, this humiliating association is relieved by the recollection that by a triumph of art, the eye is here gladdened with one of the most astounding spectacles in nature.

The interior of Rheims Cathedral, by its extreme simplicity, contrasts singularly with the richness of the architecture of the interior, a view of which appeared in No. 145, of the *Mirror*. It is lighted by numerous painted windows. The pavement, or floor, is of cubic pieces of marble of four colours, which were brought here in 1791, from the church of St. Nicaise. Rheims is one of the most ancient and celebrated churches in France. It was built in 1211, almost burnt in 1481, but restored in 1484, by command of Charles VIII., for his coronation; and it is in this cathedral that the Kings of France, his successors, have been crowned. The proportions of the building are 460 feet in length, 100 feet in breadth, and 124 feet in height. The present view is from behind the choir, the back of the altar being only seen. This is in the form of an ancient tomb. On it are six candelabras and the cross presented to the Cathedral by Charles X. and used at his coronation. Of this picture, the most successful parts are the altar and candelabras, which *stand out* so as to deceive every spectator: indeed, during the change of the views, with the strong light falling on this part, we could not believe it a flat surface. The light through a richly painted circular window, 160 feet high, is reflected in beautiful tints on the polished marble pavement; and a similar effect through a small window on the right cannot be sufficiently praised. A picture attached to one of the pillars of the opposite side, with the cobwebs of ages at the back, has other peculiar touches of the Diorama artist.

In short, it is hardly possible to render the illusion of painting more complete than has been done in these two views: the effect is almost unique; and, bating one point, we never expect to see it excelled in this or any other branch of the pictorial art.

Objection has been made to the introduction of machinery, to represent the torrent in the St. Gothard view. We would rather it were omitted; for where legitimate art has so closely imitated nature, the adoption of extraneous means rather interferes with, than assists, the pleasing effect. Besides, it does not add to its dignity.

## Spirit of Discovery.

### Formation of Shot.

It is the cohesive principle which gives rotundity to grains of shot; the liquid metal is allowed to fall like rain from a great elevation. In its descent the drops become truly globular, and before they reach the end of their fall they are hardened by cooling, so that they retain their shape.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia—Treatise on Mechanics, by Capt. H. Kater and Dr. Lardner.*

### Wings of Insects.

The transparent wings of certain insects are so attenuated in their structure that 50,000 of them placed over each other would not form a pile a quarter of an inch in height.—*Ibid.*

### Equestrian Feat explained.

The properties of compounded motions cause some of the equestrian feats exhibited at public spectacles to be performed by a kind of exertion very different from that the spectators generally attribute to the performer. For example the horseman standing on the saddle leaps over a garter extended over the horse at right angles to his motion; the horse passing under the garter, the rider lights upon the saddle at the opposite side. The exertion of the performer, in this case, is not that which he would use were he to leap from the ground over a garter at the same height. In the latter case he would make an exertion to rise, and at the same time, to project his body forward. In the case, however, of the horseman, he merely makes that exertion which is necessary to rise directly upwards to a sufficient height to clear the garter. The motion which he has in common with the horse, compounded with the elevation acquired by his muscular power, accomplishes the leap.—*Ibid.*

### Two Pints less than a Quart.

If a pint of water and a pint of sulphuric acid be mixed, the compound will be considerably less than a quart. The density of the mixture is, therefore, greater than that which would result from the mere diffusion of the particles of the one fluid through those of the other. The particles have assumed a greater proximity, and therefore exhibit a mutual attraction.

In this experiment, although the liquids before being mixed be of the temperature of the surrounding air, the mixture will be so intensely hot, that



the vessel which contains it cannot be touched without pain.—*Ibid.*

*Turning a Corner—Centrifugal Force.*

A carriage or horseman, or pedestrian, passing a corner moves in a curve, and suffers a centrifugal force, which increases with the velocity, and which impresses on the body a force directed from the corner. An animal causes its weight to resist this force, by voluntarily inclining its body towards the corner.

As the velocity is increased, the centrifugal force is also increased, and therefore a greater inclination of the body is necessary to resist it. We accordingly find that the more rapidly a corner is turned, the more the animal inclines his body towards it.

A carriage, however, not having voluntary motion, cannot make this compensation for the disturbing force which is called into existence by the gradual change of direction of the motion; consequently it will, under certain circumstances, be overturned, falling of course outdoors or from the corner.—*Ibid.*

*Why a Rope-Dancer carries a Pole.*

The feats of rope-dancers are experiments on the management of the centre of gravity. The evolutions of the performer are found to be facilitated by holding in his hand a heavy pole. His security in this case depends, not on the centre of gravity of his body, but on that of his body and the pole taken together. This point is near the centre of the pole; so that, in fact, he may be said to hold in his hands the point on the position of which the facility of his feats depends. Without the aid of the pole, the centre of gravity would be within the trunk of the body, and its position could not be adapted to circumstances with the same ease and rapidity.—*Ibid.*

*Oil Mill.*

The seeds from which the oil is to be extracted are introduced into hair bags, and placed between planes of hard wood. Wedges inserted between the bags are driven by allowing heavy beams to fall on them. The pressure thus excited is so intense, that the seeds in the bags are formed into a mass nearly as solid as wood.—*Ibid.*

## The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.  
SHAKESPEARE.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

THIS popular song was sung as an anthem at the Chapel Royal, in the

reign of James II. It is uncertain by whom the words were written, but the music was composed by Dr. John Bull, belonging to the choir of the chapel. It first became a popular song (with the alteration of James to George) through the late Dr. Arne, who set it in parts, and introduced it at one of the London theatres, during the Irish rebellion, where it met with unbounded applause, and has continued to be a favourite national air from that period to the present time.  
W. H. N.

### METAPHYSICS.

*Specimen of a Collegiate Examination.*

*Professor.*—What is a salt box?

*Student.*—It is a box made to contain salt.

*Prof.*—How is it divided?

*Stud.*—Into a salt box, and a box of salt.

*Prof.*—Very well, show the distinction.

*Stud.*—A salt box may be where there is no salt, but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

*Prof.*—Are not salt boxes otherwise divided?

*Stud.*—Yes, by a partition.

*Prof.*—What is the use of this division?

*Stud.*—To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

*Prof.*—How? think a little.

*Stud.*—To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

*Prof.*—To be sure, to separate the fine from the coarse; but are not salt boxes otherwise distinguished?

*Stud.*—Yes, into possible, positive, and probable.

*Prof.*—Define these several kinds of salt boxes.

*Stud.*—A possible salt box is a salt box yet unsold, in the joiner's hands.

*Prof.*—Why so?

*Stud.*—Because it hath not yet become a salt box, having never had any salt in it; and it may probably be applied to some other use.

*Prof.*—Very true; for a salt box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have any salt in it, can only be termed a possible salt box. What is a probable salt box?

*Stud.*—It is a salt box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath twopence in his pocket to pay the shopkeeper: and a positive salt box is one which hath actually and *bonâ fide* got salt in it.

*Prof.*—Very good; what other division of salt boxes do you recollect?

*Stud.*—They are divided into substan-

tive and pendent. A substantive salt box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser, and the pendent is that which hangs by a nail against the wall.

*Prof.*—What is the idea of a salt box?

*Stud.*—It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt box when no salt is present.

*Prof.*—What is the abstract idea of a salt box?

*Stud.*—It is the idea of a salt box abstracted from the idea of a box; or of salt, or of a salt box; or of a box of salt.

*Prof.*—Very right; by this means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt box; but tell me, is the idea of a salt box a salt idea?

*Stud.*—Not unless the ideal box hath the idea of salt contained in it.

*Prof.*—True; and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh, round or square, long or short: and this shows the difference between a salt idea and an idea of salt.—Is an aptitude to hold salt an essential or an accidental property of a salt box?

*Stud.*—It is an essential; but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an accidental property of that salt box.

*Prof.*—Very well, very well, indeed. What is the salt called with respect to the box?

*Stud.*—It is called its contents.

*Prof.*—And why so?

*Stud.*—Because the cook is content, *quoad hoc*, to find plenty of salt in the box.

*Prof.*—You are very right.

#### STANTON HARCOURT.

This place is noted by Dr. Plot as having some curious remains of antiquity, in the seat of the Harcourt family. In the ancient tower of the church are some small rooms, in one of which it is recorded, Pope finished the fifth volume of *Homer*, under the patronage of Earl Harcourt. H. B. A.

A country carpenter nailing up a board to forbid vagrants trespassing, placed it with the inscription upside down. "Beggars are accustomed to reverses," observed a passenger. A. T.

#### FATE OF PHIDIAS.

PHIDIAS, the Grecian statuary, experienced the most unfortunate consequences of superior talents. The people of Elis, for whom Phidias had executed the admirable statue of Jupiter, which was consecrated in the

temple of Olympia; became jealous of his future exertions, and when the Athenians demanded his return, the Eleans cut off both his hands before they suffered him to depart. W. C. R. R.

#### CHANCERY.

A LABORIOUS special pleader being constantly annoyed by the mewing of his cat, at length resolved to get rid of it. He accordingly told his clerk "to take and place it where it might remain in safety, but still where it could never get out." The clerk instantly walked off with poor puss in his lawyer's bag. On his return, being asked by his employer, "whether the noisy animal had been so disposed of that it could not come back to interrupt him." The carrier duly answered, "Certainly, I have put him where he cannot get out—in the Court of Chancery."—*Reynolds's Life*.

A YOUTH ambitious of acquiring pugilistic honours, some time ago waited on Crib, the ex-champion, with the intention of taking lessons. "Now what do you consider the best posture of defence?" asked the aspiring young hero. "Why, to keep a civil tongue in your head," was the judicious reply.

#### TURKISH IMPRECATION.

A TURK who had been for some time at Vienna, where the hat is always taken off in saluting an acquaintance; wishing to curse a fellow believer, said, "May thy soul have no more rest than the hat of a German." Q.

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